

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 1, 1907.

The Transfiguration.....Raphael, 1483-1520.....Frontispiece

MISCELLANEOUS

Short Stories from Church History (Illustrated)..... 515
An Army Horse Under Fire..... 519
The Lady Oara Oara..... 520
Strassburg (Illustrated).....Lydia D. Alder 527

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

A Lesson from the Catholics..... 530
Letter to Stake Sunday School Superintendents..... 531

CURRENT EVENTS

The Hague Conference..... 533
Choosing up Sides..... 534
Material Prosperity..... 534
The "Harriman Report"..... 535
Mark Twain..... 535

MUSIC AND POETRY

The Bundle of Cares.....Annie Mitton 529
A Song of Praise.....S. C. Maeser 532
Home.....Lee Wilson Doods 535

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS

Mormon Sunday Schools..... 536
Tobacco as the Great Producer of Degenerates..... 538
Two Good Suggestions..... 539

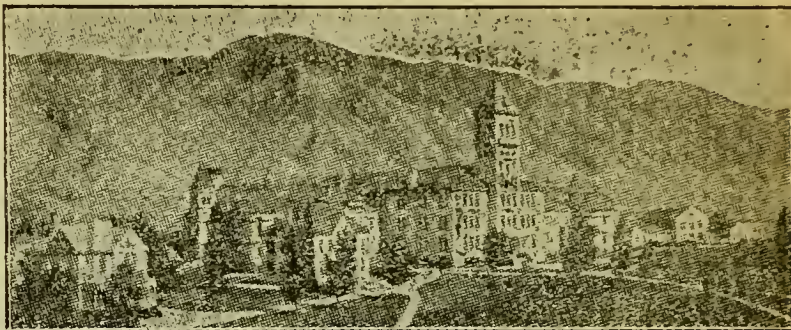
OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Our Sunday Schools..... 540
Hopeful Sayings..... 540
Some of Grandmama's Thoughts..... 541
The Letter-Box, etc. 542
Laugh, and the World Laughs With You..... 544

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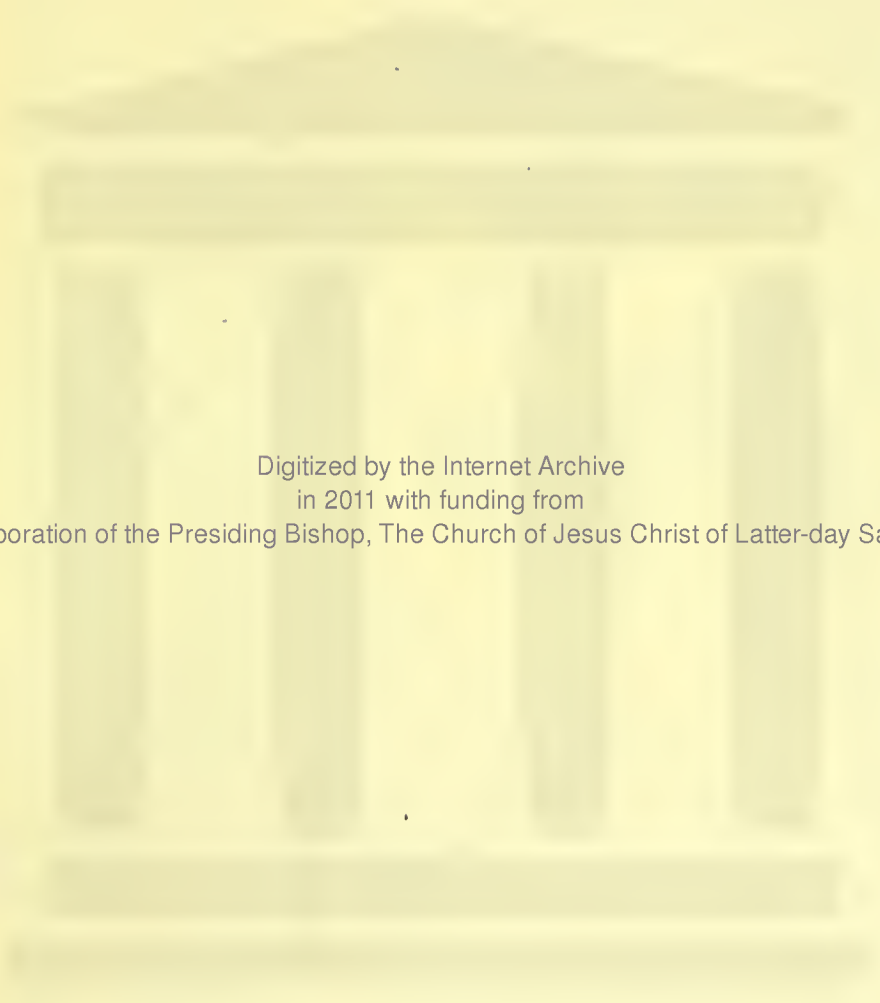
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THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Raphael, 1483-1520.

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SHORT STORIES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

III.

THE GOLDEN TREASURE.



THE fire burned low on the hearth, for the lengthening September nights at Manchester required but little heat. A single tallow candle, waving and sputtering according to its tiny habit, served to light the room, or, rather, to throw everything into such dark shadows as would make a faint heart just a wee bit fainter. But Mrs. Smith was anything but a faint heart. There she has sat alone, hour after hour, painting oilcloth coverings for tables, without noticing the passing of the time, the heavy silence, or the dark, moving shadows.

Suddenly the clock in another room began to tell off the hours. She listened, counted ten, and resumed her task, thinking that to be last. But it was not, for the strokes went noisily on—two more!

"Twelve o'clock!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! I *must* go to bed. Tomorrow's the twenty-second."

Nevertheless, she sat there for another half-hour, though without even so much as raising her brush. Her eyes were fixed on the candle, but you could see that *that* was not what she was thinking about.

Presently there entered the room a young man, tall, handsome, and active looking, with a bright, open countenance, blue eyes,

and plentiful hair, light and wavy. He was dressed as for a journey.

"Mother," he said, approaching her and speaking in a low tone, "have you a good strong box anywhere abouts—one with a lock and key?"

The question seemed not at all strange to Mrs. Smith, for she answered—

"No, Joseph, I haven't." And then becoming slightly flurried, she added, "Oh! what'll we do? You can't get the Plates tonight, then, can you?"

Joseph, seeing her anxiety, replied—

"Never mind mother, I can do very well for the present. Be calm; everything's all right."

"I don't want anything to go wrong, my boy, because of any failure on our part to keep the commandments of the Lord."

Joseph reassured her on the point.

A beautiful young woman came into the room just then, attired in a driving-cloak and hood. She was Joseph's wife.

"Emma's going with me to Cumorah," he explained, seeing the look of surprise on his mother's face.

"Surely, you're not going to walk?" asked Mrs. Smith. "It's a long way to the Hill."

"No," was the answer. "I shall take Mr. Knight's horse and buggy. He won't care. I'll be back in the morning before he'll need it."

Mr. Knight was an old friend of the fam-

ily, and he and Mr. Staal, another close friend, were staying there that night.

The two young people kissed Mrs. Smith affectionately and then left the house. Presently the noise of a passing carriage reminded her that they had gone on their journey, and that she had no reason to sit up any longer.

It was a little over four miles from the Smith farm to the hill. The road led in a northerly direction, partly through some heavy woods. The night was dark, but no fear was at the heart of either Joseph or Emma. Indeed, there was no need of any, for such a thing as an attack by robbers on the highway was unknown to the simple souls in Western New York State at this early day. But even if there had been cause for alarm on that account, it would now have been banished from their minds by the great concern which they had over the object of their lonely trip into the night.

Joseph drove leisurely and talked almost incessantly, Emma listening intently though

saying little. It was always pleasant to hear Joseph Smith talk on any subject, but it was especially so on a theme like this where his feelings were so deep. Tonight there was a slight quaver in his voice, due to the unusual circumstances of the journey.

"Four years!" he exclaimed when they had got only a little way from the house. "Four years seems a long time, Emma, when I think of it. But I suppose it was necessary to prepare me for receiving the Plates and the great work of translating them into English."

And, growing reminiscent, he called up again one by one the details of that marvelous story now so well known to us, dwelling affectionately on some of the particulars that appeared most personal. Not that the narration was new to his companion; she had heard it many times. But it was one of those stories that we never tire of hearing, especially from the lips of those who lived through the events. At



THE HILL CUMORAH.

times, though, Joseph seemed talking more to himself than to her.

"It was just four years ago tonight," he went on, "that I first learned of the Plates. I shall never forget how wretched I felt all that day as I went about my work. Three and a half years had passed since my first vision, and I had received no further communication from the Lord. I was beginning to fear that I had done something He could not forgive me for, and that I should not be permitted to do what He had told me was my mission in life. This thought weighed heavily on me all day and till I went to bed that night. So I prayed for pardon and a knowledge of my standing with the Lord."

"Did you expect another vision?" interrupted Emma; "or did you have any doubt that your prayer would be answered?"

"Not a doubt!" he replied emphatically; "not the faintest shadow of a doubt. Of course, I didn't know in what form the answer to my prayer would come, whether it would be a vision or not, but I felt sure I should receive an answer of some kind. It might be what I sometimes feared—a rejection by the Lord; but it might also be what I sometimes hoped—a renewal of favor with God.

"I hadn't been praying long when the room became as light as day, and a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air and encircled by the most brilliant light. He had on a loose-flowing robe whiter than pure snow. He had no other clothing on, so far as I could see. His hands and wrists were bare, as also were his feet and ankles and head."

"And weren't you in the least afraid?" ventured Emma.

"At first I was," he replied; "but when the Angel spoke to me in such a gentle and musical voice, all fear left me immediately. He said his name was Moroni and that he had lived on this continent about fourteen hundred years ago. And he told me a

thousand things concerning the mighty nations that had once occupied this land—their history, their customs, their great men, and the destruction of the white part of the population. Then he told me of the Plates and how they were buried in Cumorah—that's what he called this hill—and how I had been chosen by the Lord to translate this record and publish it to the world. Strangest of all, I remember that while he was speaking of the hill, I saw it in vision as distinctly as I have seen it the dozens of times I have passed it in the day-time."

Joseph paused as if his story had ended, then resumed, suddenly changing his tone and looking towards his wife—

"Isn't it odd, Emma, that knowing the hill as well as we do in this neighborhood no one ever should have suspected that it hid in its bosom such a secret as this. And yet the Plates have lain there hundreds of years! How little we can see, after all, of what lies directly before our eyes, unless our eyes are touched by the finger of the Lord."

"Three times that night," he went on, "the angel came, each time relating the same things with a slight addition at the end. The last time he disappeared I noticed that it was daylight. The visions had continued all night.

"In the morning, as you can imagine, I was weak from loss of sleep and from excitement also. And so when, in the wheat field, father noticed my paleness, he told me to go to the house. I did so. But while passing over the fence on my way home, I suddenly fell down unconscious. When I recovered, the first thing I heard was the voice of Moroni calling my name. On looking up I saw him again by my side. He requested me to return to father in the field and tell him of my vision, and then to visit the hill for the purpose of viewing the Plates. I did as I was instructed, and then proceeded on my way to Cumorah.

"When I got to the hill I knew exactly where to go, because of my vision of the spot the night before, and as I looked upon the Plates I realized the truth of the angel's words. Moroni appeared again and instructed me in my duties concerning the sacred treasure. He told me I must visit Cumorah every year on the twenty-second of September until I received the Plates. And now the time has come for me to take them from their resting place."

On reaching the western foot of the sacred hill, Joseph drew reign and tied the horse to a tree.

"You'd better come with me a little way," he said, "or will you stay here in the buggy?"

"I'll stay here," she answered. "You may not be gone very long."

"Shan't you be afraid?" he inquired anxiously.

"There's nothing to be frightened at only the dark!" she bravely replied. "And that won't hurt anybody. It may be a little bit chilly, though; but then I can walk around the buggy to keep warm."

"Yes," he assented. "I may be gone a long time, though of course I shan't be very far away."

Putting a heavy shawl over Emma's shoulders, Joseph ascended the hillside with many a flutter of the heart. He went nearly to the top, where there was a large stone with a rounded surface. This he removed, exposing a stone box in which were the plates. Moroni appeared again and for a long time gave the young prophet detailed instructions respecting the care of the plates.

Wrapping a heavy cloth around the sacred record, Joseph put it under his cloak and returned to his wife. The gray dawn was just making its appearance in the east.

"You've been a long time, Joseph," Emma complained as he approached.

"Yes," he assented, "but there was need of it. The angel was there and gave me

careful directions as to the preservation of the Plates. I am weighted down with the tremendous responsibility of keeping them, and may the Lord Almighty give me strength and wisdom to bear up under it!"

Presently the two were again on the road, the golden book between them on the seat. For some time they went on in complete silence, each thinking his own peculiar thoughts. The trend of Joseph's soon appeared.

"Emma," he began, "I'm going to tell you a secret.

"That night when the Angel first appeared to me, four years ago, he told me I should be tempted to sell the Plates. While he was relating those wonderful things concerning the Nephites, my heart was so filled with joy, that I did not see how it was possible for me to be tempted away from what the Lord wished me to be. But the next day as I was going to the hill for the first time, there came into my mind thoughts of the great value, in money, of the hidden treasure I was going to view. And I was weak enough at that time to think how poor our family was and how much this would mean to them—this selling of the Plates for money. Of course, I drove the thought from me, but somehow it *would* come back. Very likely that was one reason why I had to wait four years before I could touch the record.

"But now, Emma, all that is gone. I know that nothing whatever could tempt me now to do with the Plates otherwise than what God directs. I have seen too much of the Lord's purposes respecting man to hold wealth as anything but a means of doing good. And now as I touch the Plates, and realize that they form a golden volume eight inches long, seven inches wide, and six inches thick, and that they would bring several fortunes, the thought does not in the least degree affect me. The only thought I have concerning them is that they are holy and must be

used for the benefit of man and the glory of God."

Not a great way, to the north, from the Smith farm there was, in 1827, a considerable patch of woods. The road on which Joseph and Emma were now approaching their home, ran through a part of this forest.

As they neared the centre of it, Joseph drove some distance from the road and stopped the horse. Getting down himself, and taking the record, he walked

some distance further to where there were some birches. One of these, a large one, he found to be very much decayed on the inside and the bark to be in a good state of preservation. Ripping up the bark on one side he deposited the book in the trunk of the tree, replaced the bark, removed as much as he could all traces of footsteps, and then went back to the buggy, driving home as rapidly as possible.

He reached there just as the family was sitting down to breakfast.

John Henry Evans.

AN ARMY HORSE UNDER FIRE.

WE had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his especial pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a "Good night, Frank," in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time have I seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee, instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents, and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank company for hours, sometimes talking German to him, and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care, Frank's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as found of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the 1st.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the 2nd of the 1st cavalry division, consisting of the 2d and

4th Indiana and the 1st Wisconsin, commanded by Col. O. H. LaGrange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods, and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was shot. As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly, his rider thought that it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having traveled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at nine o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse, like himself, was tired, and after patting him and telling him in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with sup-

per getting. In the forage bag were several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee, crackers and uncooked white pork—such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving—Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder, and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead, he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head as he had done many times

before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: "My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he didn't; and when the battle was over, and I was getting supper, he lay down and died.

"That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us. Yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me." With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his comrades made light of the young German's sorrow. They knew it was sincere.

James F. Lyon, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE LADY OARA OARA.

A CHAPTER FROM A GENEALOGICAL RECORD.



HE sat so near the ripple of the sea's regular breathing that the curled toe of her slipper daintily brushed an occasional wave-tip. Each time the daring caress of her water-friend smote her shoe she raised a mirthful laugh that caught itself immediately in the music of the waves and floated out to the measureless spaces beyond. Her burnished yellow hair which lay in heavy braids over her shoulders and across her knees, was but a deeper gold than the sun-kissed sands which framed in the restless sea-picture. But her eyes were still cold grey with unawakened passion,—grey as the cloud-kissed surface of the watery waste about her. The pathos and tragedy of life had not kindled the blue flame which might

some day flash life and rebellion under these golden-fringed lids.

At the hill top behind her the evening vespers chimed from the convent tower. But the Lady Oara shut her ears. The day's fretful inanities were over and her tasks were done. This hour should belong to her and the sea's wide spaces. The throb and beat of the waves' unending song smote her ears with glorious unfilled possibilities.

Again her shoe pressed the face of the waters, and again she laughed at the wet circle spread above her ankle joint.

"Tush!" she cried aloud, for one daring wave had seized the teasing slipper and was whisking it swiftly away to show its triumph in a thousand distant wavelets.

And "tush" again she cried; for walking

into the strict demureness of convent life slipperless in the evening's edge, might not suit her aunt, the Lady Abbess.

"With thy permission, lady," said a voice behind her, and a long pole darted out above her shoulder and caught the tiny shoe, tossing it high in the air. Then the arm behind her whisked it into safety and laid it gently and deferentially at her feet.

The lady looked slowly up. A pair of dark eyes flashed into her own.

"Dost thou always do things before thou hast permission?" she asked coldly, and her accented English betrayed her foreign birth.

"When life and shoes are in danger, yes," replied the tall man, who towered far above her.

The lady made no movement to resume her lost slipper, and the gentleman slipped into a rocky curve near her, and reaching for the rescued footgear, he sought to press the water from its silken sides, then laid it carefully on the rocks to dry, if dry it could in the fading sunlight.

"Thou art the Lady Oara," said the gentleman, at last, for the lady seemed unwilling further to break the silence.

She turned her blue-grey eyes full upon him, and asked without interest, "And pray who should I be else?"

The man looked at her in some amazement. The cool treatment was not much to his liking. He sat a moment in silence and then, with a swift springing motion, he was towering above her, and doffing his feathered cap in farewell.

Without a word, she thrust out her stockinged foot, and pointed to the slipper lying on the rocks.

"Thou art a strange maid," he said. But he knelt carefully at her feet, and closing his long fingers above her tiny foot, he drew the shoe securely on, and awkwardly fastened the limp ribbon bow which held it across the arching instep.

his fingers were trembling as he clasped them about the slender ankle, but the firm, red lips beneath the silken beard did not uncloseto comment on thought or action.

"Once more springing to his feet, he turned to offer his help to the lady; but she was up as quickly as he. Raising his cap once more, he waited for her to pass before him.

"Thou art very kind," she said, turning her head so that he could look full into her eyes, as she held his without shrinking or guile. "My aunt, the Lady Abbess, will thank you for us both. Will you come to the convent?"

The subtle change in her, the moment her back was turned to the restless sea, and her feet were set towards the convent's precincts, startled as well as amused the man beside her.

"My own path leads me thither, my lady," he answered her with something of the courteous indifference of the cavalier of the world.

As they paced the sands, and later crossed the salt grass fields to gain the convent walls, the man essayed occasionally to enter into conversation. The dark-blue gown of his companion was caught with a jeweled chain at one side, and the white chemisette rising out of the low blue bodice was richly embroidered where it marked the lovely curve of arm and bosom. On her neck there hung a slender chain whose ornament or clasp fell into the seclusion of her folded chemisette. She was very beautiful, with a stately, cool demeanor.

"Do the clouds ever hang upon the low horizon here?" he asked her once.

"But yes," she replied, "save once or again when the happy sun has driven them all into cover."

"I have patience with the clouds, for they bring verdure and moisture, but I love best the sparkling sun, with its flam-

ing fire of blue. The sea loves the sun."

"How knowest thou that?" she asked.

"The waves are dull and grey on England's misty shores; but you should see them sparkle and dance with wanton glee upon the fiery sands of Egypt or even Italia's sunny slopes of grass and flowers."

The girl beside him lifted her cold eyes, and fixed him with a hungry, far-off gaze.

"You have seen the sea beneath these foreign skies?" she asked with an awe that was nearly to upset his gravity. But he had caught a glimpse of blue kindling under the grey coldness of her eyes, and he would have sacrificed much to deepen that glow.

"My father sailed the jeweled seas that wash the shores of Egypt and Italy."

The girl raised her eyes, but this time would not let him see into their depths. She noted shyly and quickly the somewhat narrow shoulders which seemed in harmony with the springing length of limb now checked in its swinging gait to pace beside her own sedate steps.

They were at the convent gate, and the girl said simply, but with the air of a princess, "Thou art welcome. Enter."

The man bowed his bared head as if he were speaking to a queen, and softly answered, "My heart lies beneath thy sandaled feet."

The convent-bred girl was startled with this quick familiarity of the worldling, who swept his velvet cap to her feet, while its long feathers licked up the dust from her shoe. She drew herself up with dignity, and said,

"My aunt, the abbess, will welcome you for us both;" and her voice had the chilling quality of a winter's sea-breeze.

At that moment the light form of the Lady Superior herself glided towards them across the grassy slope, trailing her soft black gown on the grass of the convent paths, as she hurried to them.

"Sir William, where has thou sprung from?" she asked, her gentle voice falling on the fretted ears of both her listeners with soothing calm.

"I come from my father's home in the Isle of Wight, my lady. My horse and serving man are sheltered in the inn of the village, and my feet led me to the promontory, to meet the Lady Oara Oara, about whom thou hast often spoken."

"I count it odd that ye are strangers to each other; my neice hath sojourned with me near three years, and in all that time thou hast not visited me, Sir William, nay, nor thy father; for I have met thee only when up at London on the noisy Thames."

"My father hath sent by me, dear lady, this packet; for he hath many thoughts he fain would convey to thee, if 'twere not such a labor to write epistles. His mind is most distraught. The new and outlandish sect of Quakers, with their familiar Thee and Thou at every turn and to every clown and churl, their women at the pulpit steps, their preaching on the streets to disturb the peace of settled religion; it is a ridiculous religion which hath caught my father in its quaint but fascinating net, and he doth long to see thee. I wish he might; for mayhap thou could'st shake him from his delusion. He says he will send a friend of his, a famous Quaker preacher, to follow me."

"Nay, William, how could I succeed when thy own tongue has failed? 'Tis most singular that thy father, with the hot blood of the Saracens chasing through his veins should be gripped with such a palsy, such a slow and stupid delusion. What says thy mother?"

"She is far worse than father;" and the twinkle in his dark eyes answered the sparkle which lit up for a moment the demure gaze of the sedate abbess.

"Ah, these women, William,—these women. There's some would have it that a

woman hath no place nor power in modern times; but such should know the sex as well as we know ourselves. They would find that neither time nor condition changeth woman. She hath all she will take, both now and forever. Eh, William."

The young man laughed into her quietly smiling eyes, and both enjoyed the outspoken companionship of their mutual quiet understanding.

"Didst thou find my niece upon the shore?"

The girl had left them, and was speaking quietly to several nuns who stood in the sheltered gateway of the convent.

The dull, cobbled walls of the convent were surrounded with a spacious garden and lawns. At the back stretched the comfortable rows of summer cabbages, with green carrot tops emphasizing their paler green bowls. Long lettuce leaves shaded the tiny sprigs of low growing parsley, and rows of currant bushes yielded fragrant jelly for the sick of the neighborhood. Against the high rocked walls there clung the branches of a rare apricot tree, but recently introduced into the south of England, and the prized fruit was the wonder of the country for miles around. The precious seed had come to the convent years before from Arabia, brought by the Saracen-born father of the young man who now stood beneath its sheltering branches. The golden globes of mellow-fleshed fruit hung now tempting every eye and hand which lingered 'neath the carefully-nurtured tree.

The convent was built about a small court, a few trees, the pretense of a fountain within its tiny square; but this copy of a southern luxury did not flourish well beneath the dun grey skies of rain-swept England. The long stretches of grass and even the thrifty cabbage garden in the rear possessed a deeper charm, for they belonged to the very atmosphere of southern

England. And so the abbess lingered with her young friend near the apricot tree, while her stately neice slowly paced her way to the convent-door.

"The Lady Oara is very beautiful," said the young man, moving restlessly to and fro, and then added, half under his breath, "very beautiful, and as cold as the grey, storm-swept seas of winter."

"Cold, thou sayst, William? Ice may burn the flesh; and the storm-swept seas have crushed and broken many powerful vessels. Have thou a care, my William. The Lady Oara is very proud, not cold. But her noble father, my haughty brother, is both cold and proud. She came here to study with me, three years ago. My brother almost worships her; she is his only child."

The young man did not reply to this, but reaching up into the tree, he plucked a yellow apricot and, with a bow, placed it in the palm of his friend.

"Nay, William, I never eat the fruit; 'tis kept for sick and suffering souls, whose lips are parched and whose bodies need the cooling fragrance of this delicious morsel. Eat it thyself."

"Always unselfish, even to the very verge of madness, eh, my friend? It grieves me sore to know that all thy life hath been one of firm renunciation."

"And if I joy alone in that, my William?"

The young man tossed the fruit carelessly away from him, but the lady gently picked it up, remarking, "Thou must not waste thine own or another's blessing."

And then they both passed slowly into the convent, the lady giving directions to the gardener and the nuns who waited near the path for evening orders.

The night was pleasant with a thousand subtle charms, as the young man closed his chamber door, away out in the little annex to the shut-in convent. He could smell the fragrant English violets, and some-

where the faint tinkling of a cow-bell broke the soft silence so closely wrapped around his senses. But these impressions were all merged into the beat of the distant waves on the shore, their ceaseless music pressing upon ear and heart with a pleasure which was close to pain.

His natural restlessness was increased a hundredfold, and he was affected by strange impulses. He was not a stranger to the meaning of life, nor ignorant of its cost and value; but some occult power rested close upon his spirit, and refused to allow analysis or reason to name or define it.

With a hasty sigh he threw off his richly-jeweled cap and lifted his velvet cloak from his shoulders. He had left his serving man below in the village, but he was not sorry. He longed for solitude, to fathom all his new and half-guessed emotions.

The moon was struggling to find a path between the scurrying clouds, as he emerged from his chamber, and closing the door softly, he quietly turned his steps to the inner courtyard of the convent. He knew that the doorgate to this was rarely locked, and there was something in the thought of that closely-guarded open space which fascinated him and drew his steps thither.

As he expected, there was only a clasp on the gate, and he spoke quietly to the sleepy gardener who crouched in the small outer room, saying he sought a cool drink from the inner fountain.

As he paced back and forth—back and forth—within the courtyard, he noted the tiny fountain, struggling for beauty as it poured its cramped waters over the small stone basin. He sat an instant upon the bench, and as he leaned over the basin the sheltering elm shadowed him from the moon's fitful gaze.

He wondered if his father's letter to the abbess had fixed a burden upon his mind; but he knew better all the time; for his own mind was floating slowly towards

the powerful religious convictions of his English mother. And his outward distress over his father's change in religious views was but the reflex of his own inner perplexities. In truth, he had hoped that his father's friend, the abbess, would readjust his own convictions to their old-time orthodoxy.

As he sat, depressed and anxious, under the shadows of the elm, he fancied he heard the subdued notes of a zither. He was instant attention. His mind, so confused and groping, was now focussed strongly on the sound of that frail musical instrument. What pretty nun could be thus amusing herself at this hour of the night?

Instantly, the moon came gloriously out from her misty screen, and a door in the balcony above was thrown softly open, and a girlish form, in milky whiteness, came softly out on the narrow balcony.

No need to ask who it was; his tumultuous pulses answered the question before it could be asked,

The lady stood, quietly, calmly, looking gravely at the loveliness of the serene moon above her. Her head was slightly bent, as if listening to the distant surf pounding upon the sand and rocks. Then, as if in sympathy, she unbound the yellow glory of her hair, and leaning low over the balcony-rail, she softly combed her fingers through her silken locks, while she crooned softly the notes of a song.

The rhythm and beat of the music were in exact time with the ocean surf, but the words were in her own native tongue, and the watcher below could not understand their meaning.

Every restless fiber of his strenuous being was calmed and stilled by the sight of this pure, white maiden. He said in his soul that she was the goddess of the sea. Standing so tall, so still, so dazzling white, she was like the pearly path of moonbeams on the breast of the sea,

quieting and soothing all its fret and murmur with chaste loveliness.

His heart was beneath her feet, he had told her, as he clasped the tiny sandal about her ankle; but that was flattery. Now he knew that for life and death, his whole life was bound up in the golden mesh which the exquisite maiden above him was weaving into order as she softly sang.

He knew now, why he had come into the inner recesses of that courtyard. But his awed and hushed heart lay silent on his lips.

Days are sometimes years, and years as a day. But three whole weeks went swiftly by, and the dwellers in the convent on the hill scarcely knew when hours and days came by and fled into the silence of the past.

Those were days of dark and evil import to many English homes, for strife and bloodshed, murder and persecution, covered altars and hearthstones with blood and pillage. The closed sixteenth century had marked a perfect fever of revival and newly-fledged religions. 'Twas only in such places as churches and convents, and not always there, that peace and quiet were found.

The dwellers in this remote convent on Southampton's coast were mostly unaware of the fierce struggles and riots which made havoc in the towns. And their guest, Sir William Shreeve, was not likely to disturb them with distressing recitals.

Indeed, he had removed his spurs and gauntlets when first approaching the convent, and the simple, brown velvet cloak had not been supplanted with gaudier apparel in all the weeks of his visit.

The presence of the Lady Oara was the one only thing he had ever found that quieted his eager restlessness and stilled the fiery impulses which leaped so often from brain to lips. She calmed and rested his soul, while his very activity stimulated and roused her into life and

animation. He was so very different from the placid, phlegmatic nobles she had known in far-away Holland.

One afternoon the Lady Oara sat embroidering, while her aunt rolled lint bandages.

"Sir William Shreeve resembles much his gracious father," said the abbess.

"So?" the Lady Oara's voice was quite steady.

"His father," and an odd, little break in the voice of the abbess caused the other to look up in quick wonderment. "His father came first to Amsterdam, it is said from Greece or Turkey. My father, your grandfather, entertained him when his ship lingered in our ports."

The girl's quick interest was awakened.

"Did you know him then, dear aunt?"

The Abbess bent more closely over her work, as she replied softly,

"Yes, I knew him well. He was in my father's house a full week. He was very anxious to remain in Amsterdam, but my father quite discouraged him."

The girl heard far more than her aunt had worded in this meek confession, and she gently asked,

"Did he love you, dear aunt?"

"He said so," she breathed softly. "But my father would not listen to my mating with the son of a Saracen and a foreigner, no matter if he were a great Arabian Prince. And so, Sir William came away, and at last, he settled here in England, or rather in the Isle of Wight. He married the noble Lady Fairfax, and her father saw to it that the Prince Sheriff, as was his name in Arabia, was soon changed into the English Sir William Shreeve. And then, years after, my father let me have my wish, and I entered the convent. After his death, and my brother's marriage to your mother, I came over to England and accepted the position as Abbess of this lowly convent. Here I have educated many sweet daughters of our own and other lands,

and here I shall spend my days in the service of the Mother Church."

The touching recital of a life's renunciation struck to the core of the girl who was never cold to her own, or unsympathetic to those who had real need. Her tender mouth quivered and the roses on her cheeks paled in sympathy. She put out her hand and clasped the fingers of her aunt, murmuring softly,

"Thou poor little wounded dove, how complete has been thy sacrifice."

"Sir William, the son, leaves for his home tomorrow early in the morning."

The girl's startled blue eyes sought those of her aunt, and the flame of blue which burned at their core warned the older lady. She had probed with expected results.

"I have written to thy father, Oara; he would not hold me guiltless, if I did not acquaint him with the possible dangers of Sir William's visit here."

The girl sprang to her feet.

"And you could do such a thing as that? You, my loving aunt? Why, I do not love this hook-nosed English knight? What is he to me? Why should my father be set upon his track? Sir William as well as his father, will have great opinion of our Dutch manners."

The sudden passionate denial, where there had been no accusation, but proved the case more clearly. The little Abbess sighed and her bosom heaved, as if she were full of unshed tears.

"Thou must not accuse nor question. I am not thy mother, child. And if thy father's hopes should be disappointed in thee, and because of my misconduct, what honor could I hold for the rest of my life?"

"A plague upon honor and love, and all the rest," flung out the girl, her head thrown back upon her lovely neck with superb grace.

"May I give the rarest of all women the rarest and ripest of all fruit?"

It was the gentleman they had been discussing, and he had come swiftly towards them, his offering of apricots in his hand.

The girl paid no heed to the apricots in his hands, but faced him with brilliant cheeks. "My father will send for me," she cried, forgetting that her trouble was not known to her companion.

"What am I to thee, or thee to me, that my father should thus be invoked?"

The young man was in a momentary daze as to her meaning, but his mind was like a flash of his own Arabian steel.

"He has learned that he loves thee, Lady Oara, and he is angered," he said. He had flung his avowal at her feet, caught in the rising excitement of her storm-swept soul.

"And what of that?" she cried. And his heart stopped beating as he noted that she expressed neither anger nor surprise at his swift confession.

"'Tis not thee he comes to seek; nor thy love which he disapproves." Then the proud head drooped, and for a moment the two near her watched her to fathom the mystery of her silence.

"I am the Lady Oara Oara; and I have sinned no sin, nor wrought no evil. Who shall judge me?"

Without another word, the girl turned and swept into the convent walls, her blue gown matching the color of her passion-lighted eyes.

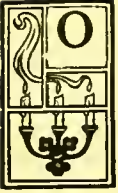
The man beside the Abbess whispered hoarsely,

"No other man, so help me Heaven, shall ever see that flame behind those lovely eyes. 'Tis my life-beacon, and who shall light it on his heart's altar, if not I?"

Susa Young Gates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRASSBURG.



OCCUPIES the site of the ancient Roman Argentoratum, and it is situated at the confluence of the Ill with the Bruscher river, about one and a half miles west of the Rhine.

During the middle ages, it was one of the most prosperous of the free German cities. It maintained its independence from the eleventh century, until 1681, when it was captured by Louis XVI and remained in possession of the French until 1871. The city was besieged by the Germans on the night of August 10th, 1870. On the night of the 14th, the bombardment began. On September 28th, after an heroic defense, the city surrendered. Four hundred and fifty one officers and seventeen thousand men laid down their arms. During the seige four hundred houses were burned, seventeen hundred citizens were killed or wounded, and eighteen thousand persons left homeless. Scarcely a house in the whole city escaped some damage. By the terms of the treaty of peace at Frankfort, it was ceded with Alsace to the Germans.

It is said of this time of destruction, that a "lurid reflection on the other side of the Rhine, grew brighter and clearer than was fire in Strassburg. Strassburg was the torch that lighted the dark roads.

"What an awful experience to stand there in the midst of this wild destruction. All day the firing had been violent, now it raged. Not only the powder but the fury of the enemy blazed out at every shot, and the thundering sounds seemed to be wild imprecations uttered by the whole force of the passion which had been let loose by war! One shell after another rattled against the fortress, followed almost without an interval by answers dashing against the German batteries, their course could be traced through the air—though it was a mile long, they traveled it in a few sec-

onds. Afar off was heard their angry hiss under the silent canopy of heaven."

But what of the Strassburg of today? We look upon a resurrection. Time whose speedy foot we so oft deplore, has here proved healing and blessing, in the last years.

The University was established in 1621



THE CATHEDRAL.

and many celebrated men have been gathered in its walls. Goethe was graduated here in 1771 as a Doctor of Laws. It was suppressed in 1794, and in 1803 it was turned into a French academy. In 1872 it was re-opened and now has many students.

We first visited the wonderful Cathedral in the evening. It was dimly lighted and a very youthful voice was leading in the service. Just inside the entrance door,

the chairs stacked up by the hundred, were for the accommodation of any who desired to pray—they can only be knelt upon, a little shelf on the back of each one whereon to rest the arms, no seats are provided. How the chanting and singing reverberated through the lofty naves! The service over, we left the building with the others. Outside was dark, but our minds were filled by thoughts that the place and scene had awakened.

The following day, we saw the grand structure, that had escaped the great bombardment, here and there a rent in its walls partially restored is visible. As we stand before the Cathedral we can best

present Cathedral in 1015. He was of the noble house of Hapsburg, but the names of those who created what he designed are all lost in the gulf of Time.

In the third century after its foundations were laid, we read of one whose name henceforth will be ever associated with the Cathedral: Erwin von Steinback.

The stately building, fashioned under his hand, and by his enlightened spirit, rose in splendor; he builded not only his tomb, but a grand, lasting monument to his name.

Only one of the two towers has ever been built. The site which the other tower should have occupied, runs out into a plat-

form, and on it is the watchman's dwelling. More than fifty times has the building been threatened to be destroyed by lightning. Its destruction by an earthquake, once seemed inevitable. Then the shot and shell of the Revolution which whistled around made its doom seem almost certain. But still it stands unmoved while the waves of human passion have fallen pow-



STRASSBURG.

think of the period out of which it grew. The history of the great building dates many centuries back. What power was in a town that could erect such a temple to its faith!

The present structure represents the labor of nearly five hundred years. The first beginning of a Christian church was in Cholding's time, but they with others of a later date, were all swept away and utterly destroyed by the flames. Bishop Werner was obliged to begin anew the work, and laid the foundations of the

erless before its silent majesty.

In every direction we turn, the Cathedral towers high above all, while the swallows circle gracefully around its tower, singing their songs of love and contentment. A curious legend is told concerning the laying of its corner stone:

Bishop Werner, clothed in his robes of office, had just blessed the stone and given the signal to have it lowered into place, when two men, brothers, who stood in the front row of spectators, accidentally jostled one another. The elder furious at what

he considered an intended rudeness, turned on his brother and stabbed him to the heart, the blood splashing the bishop, and dripping down upon the corner stone.

The murderer was seized and led away to be put to death, but as he passed the bishop, falling on his knees, he exclaimed "My lord, my lord, I deserve death; I have slain my bother who was innocent; only let not my death be in vain. Under the stone which you have just laid there is a spring of water which in time will undermine the foundations of the Cathedral, if you will bury me, a murderer, under the stone, the spring of pure water will not come in contact with me, but will snrink away, and reach the surface elsewhere; thus will I protect the holy place and help it to stand through the ages." Then stepping in, the stone was removed, then was laid again on a living man, and the murderer's bones have kept the foundation firm.

Strassburg lacks the life and bustle of Frankfort. It seems older, is certainly more quaint, and decidedly sleepy. Even the people seem to move more slowly than in Frankfort. The progressive, wide awake spirit is not there, the spirit which gives distinction and life to a city. The heavy spirit of the Cathedral broods over it. It seems when a city possesses a cathedral that it is all-sufficient. People living there may not notice this; but it strikes the traveler at once, and that unpleasantly. Sitting in the park opposite our apartments and not very far from the Cathedral, we study all classes and conditions of the people, but do not feel impressed with the general conditions in Strassburg, though the city possesses its own peculiar and distinctive features of beauty and architecture and its inimitable Cathedral.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE BUNDLE OF CARES.

AN old man traveled a well-worn track
With a heavy bundle on his back;
His body was bent, and old, and spare,
The frost of years on his long, gray hair;
He bent and groaned 'neath his heavy load,
As he tottered along that dreary road.

Many he saw as he went along,
Some were merry with laugh and song,
And one old man with a pleasant smile,
Asked him to stop and rest a while,
For he looked so tired, and worn, and ill.
And had paused at the foot of a stony hill.

"Now, neighbor," said he of the pleasant smile
"Put down your burden and rest a while,
The hill is steep and the sun is hot,
Right here is a cool and shady spot."
But the old man shook his hoary head,
"My load is a bundle of cares," he said.
"I've traveled long and I've traveled far,
'Mid the heat of sun and by light of star,
And my load grows heavier every day,
'Till I fear I shall faint and die by the way.
But I cannot stop, I must travel fast,
Or my strength will fail and life be past."

"Why, friend," said the stranger, "Why carry
your cares?

You should fill your sack with some lighter
wares;
Nor bend your back 'neath such somber load,
While traveling over this rough, hard road.
I've filled my sack with cheerful smiles,
And sing a song or two at whiles."

The old man stared with astonished eyes,
And the stranger laughed at his great surprise,
" 'Tis a foolish load to carry," he cried;
"I would not give my cares a ride."
The words and the look made the old man
laugh.

And at once his load felt lighter by half.

He looked at the stranger and laughed once
more,
For a comical grin on his face he wore,
And all at once, as they walked along,
He joined in the words of a joyous song,
Then he straight'ned up his bent old back,
For nothing was left but an empty sack.

Annie Malin.

Waterloo, Utah.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - SEPTEMBER 1, 1907

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A LESSON FROM THE CATHOLICS.



A MATTER of great interest and significance was discussed in a recent meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. "Profound regret" was expressed because many Cath-

olic young men and women are attending non-Catholic academies, colleges and universities. It was advanced as the general opinion, that there "the danger to their faith and morals is even greater than it is in elementary schools;" and the Federation affirmed "with all the force of its conviction, that religious instruction is an absolute necessity in every department of the school life of the American boy and girl."

Addressing the Federation on the subject of religious instruction, Bishop McFaul declared that, of all the momentous problems now forcing themselves upon our attention—divorce, socialism, indiffer-

ence to religion, and education—by far the most important is that of education; for, said he, "if we settle that we have materially assisted in the solution of the others." Speaking of what the Catholics are at present doing to educate the children, the Bishop adduced the following figures:

The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1904, states that 11,318,256 pupils attended the public schools during the period. He also states that the entire cost of education, based on average attendance, was \$24.14. To find the actual cost of tuition, we must deduct \$4.37 allowed for sites, buildings, etc., which leaves a balance of \$19.77. This is the cost of tuition per pupil for one year. I have calculated from various United States statistics that the average cost of the educational plant required per pupil is about \$1.50. It is clear, therefore, that our 1,067,207 parish school pupils in the United States, at \$19.77 per capita, save the nation \$21,078,912.39; and the educational plant required for 1,066,207 pupils in the same schools, at the rate of \$150 per pupil, saves the country \$159,961,050, making a total 181,009,962.39.

As a result of this convention, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, it is essential that our parochial schools be as efficient as possible, and that Catholics appreciate that their schools are superior or equal to any others; and,

Whereas, increasing efforts are being made to render the public schools more attractive and preferable to Catholic schools by reason of special legislation; therefore, be it

Resolved, that our parochial schools be everywhere aided by every financial support that can be given to them, and that we condemn the socialistic and paternalistic schemes, which seek to make it appear that the public school is superior and better equipped than our parochial school.

What a splendid example is here set for the Latter-day Saints! If there is danger

to the faith and morals of Catholics in non-Catholic schools, how much greater is the danger to the faith and morals of Mormons in non-Mormon schools. We have the pure faith, it is true, and it should make us strong, and we have a higher standard of moral purity than has probably any other community in the world. But we are also surrounded by greater dangers. We are not of the world, and therefore the world hates us.

The Latter-day Saints, too, are spending a great deal of money to educate their children. About twenty-five schools are now being supported by the Church; and in these schools there were in attendance last year about 8,000 pupils. But 8,000 is not the total number of Latter-day Saint children that should have been in the Church schools. The Latter-day Saints, generally, do not yet fully appreciate the fact that there is more danger to the faith and morals of their children in the high schools and colleges than in the elementary schools. The parents have evidently not yet learned that the period of adolescence in a boy—the period when his voice cracks and he severs the apron strings that have bound him to his home, and he begins to feel himself a man—is the most dangerous period in his life. And so, ignoring all this, they send him to a school where he is taught that scientific truth and religion cannot be harmonized, and religion must therefore be sacrificed; and where the silent but insidious influence of the teacher destroys every vestige of faith and lowers the high moral standard with which the boy has become acquainted. Will parents in such cases be held guiltless? I think not. Parents are commanded to look after the proper training of their children. To neglect them at the most critical period of life, is not observing the law of God.

Our leaders have been inspired in all things. The Prophet Joseph was divinely inspired when he instructed the Saints to

organize schools and write text books—instruction that lies at the bottom of our whole Church school system. Brigham Young was divinely inspired when he founded the Church school system in Utah, and said to Dr. Maeser: "Never teach even the multiplication table without the Spirit of God." The presidency of the Church is divinely inspired when it appropriates every year hundreds of thousands of dollars for the maintenance of Church schools, and encourages them. And every Latter-day Saint is acting in harmony with that divine inspiration, who realizes the danger in non-Mormon high schools and colleges and therefore sends his children to the Church schools.



**COPY OF LETTER SENT TO THE SUNDAY
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCY OF
EVERY STAKE OF ZION.**

To the Stake Sunday School Superintendency and Members of the Stake Board.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

We enclose herewith a copy of a communication from the First Presidency of the Church to the First Council of Seventy under date of June 12th, 1907.

You will observe that the First Presidency have deemed it advisable to permit the quorums of Seventies to hold their meetings on Sunday morning. This will necessarily bring about a conflict in the duties of a large number of our Sunday School workers on Sunday morning; but we desire to have you carefully read a portion of the second paragraph of the letter from the First Presidency as follows:

"We are aware, of course, that this change will affect the relations of some of the Seventies with Sunday School work, but where that is the case, you are at liberty to inform the members of your quorums that they can be relieved of attendance upon and service in the Sunday Schools, except where engaged as Superintendents or heads of departments where their places

cannot be immediately filled by the selection of others; in such cases it may be necessary to release them as Seventies, have them ordained High Priests and devote themselves to Sunday School work, unless they, or any of them, prefer to remain Seventies, in which event they should be excused from attending the quorum classes, a thing which might be done without in any way interfering with the spirit and progress of this work, as the brethren occupying these positions are supposed to be capable men along theological lines."

You will note that where stake superintendents and other prominent officers are seventies and their places in the Sunday Schools cannot readily be filled they are to be excused from the Seventies meetings or be ordained High Priests if they so desire.

The brethren of the First Presidency and the First Council of Seventy are careful to urge that the Sunday Schools should be shown every consideration and that our standard should be maintained, therefore necessary changes should be made with wisdom and care.

We believe the first thing to be done is to get the Stake Boards in order and to do this we suggest the following:—

1. All proposed changes should be submitted to the General Board before final

action is taken. In this connection we refer you to "An added suggestion on Harmony," written by President Joseph F. Smith printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR (page 338, vol. 42).

2. Those selected to take the places of officers released should not be consulted until their qualifications have been passed upon and their appointment approved by the proper authority.

3. In all work of this readjustment confer with the stake Presidency.

4. When suggested changes have been agreed upon in the manner pointed out please send us a list of your Stake Board in which Seventies who are to be ordained High Priests and those who are to be released indicated and the names given of those selected to fill the vacancies.

In conclusion let us urge you to act with promptness in order that your stake Board may be fully adjusted to the new conditions at once and that you may then have time to make the necessary changes in the ward Sunday School organizations of your stake before the first meeting of the Seventies in November.

Your brethren,

Joseph F. Smith,

Geo. Reynolds,

David O. McKay,

General Superintendency.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

FRAGRANT the air of the morning,

Sweetly the bird-voices call,

All things with jewels adorning,

Softly the first sunbeams fall.

Hark to the glad tones of joy,

List to the voices of praise

Rising from nature's full bosom,

Unto the Master of Days.

Praise be to God for the morning's bright
beaming;

Praise be to God for the rest of the night;

With His great love all creation is teeming,

Thrilling our beings with beauty and light,

Praise be to God. Praise be to God.

Hark! how the breeze from the mountain

Whistles its happy refrain,

Leaflet and murmuring fountain

Join in the heart-cheering strain,

Wildest of soul-stirring raptures,

Voices so plaintive and sweet,

In richest harmony blending,

Fondly the Master to greet.

So in the soft morning hours,

When nature pours forth her praise,

Let the first duty be ours,

Voices of rapture to raise.

Lighter will seem the day's burdens,

Brighter our spirits will be,

If with the voices of nature

Mingle our own, full and free.

S. C. Maeser.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

SOME months before the Hague Congress met, all the Peace Societies of the United States held their great meetings, sent up sky-rockets, sounded peace notes, and declared themselves altogether in favor of the millennium of brotherly love. No doubt many of those serious, earnest-minded people felt that Europe would be greatly moved in the matter of peace, by the sentiment of the American people. It is hard for our people to comprehend the real feelings of most European nations on questions of war. The mil-



THE HALL OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

An outside view of the Ridderzaal, Hall of the Knights, in The Hague, where the International Peace Conference is in session.

itary spirit of Europe, especially on the Continent, is often a dominant one, and the glorious achievements of the battle field are more strongly impressed upon national life than the achievements of commerce. No one who knows the European martial sentiment, would believe for one moment that the other great nations would respond with any enthusiasm to the demands of

the American people in their peace conference. Our Secretary of State, Mr. Root, cautioned the American people against expecting too much from the Congress that was soon to meet at The Hague.

Most European countries have some unfinished business that they hope to get off their table before rules and regulations are made for the conduct of future wars. England wanted to reduce the armaments of the world, and persuaded Italy, whose military resources have diminished in late years, to advocate partial disarmament. Such a suggestion was discouraged before the Congress met. A number of principles by which future wars should be governed, have been advocated, such as a formal declaration of war before hostilities begin; a limitation put on what shall constitute a contraband of war and the right of private commerce. Recent dispatches indicate the hopelessness of any substantial reform in relation to future wars. It now looks as though the second peace conference at The Hague was to be an utter failure, and it is mildly suggested that greater good could have been accomplished through regular diplomatic channels. The peacefully inclined in the conflicts to come may have the satisfaction that they did all they could to substitute arbitration for the sword, and where arbitration was impossible, to mitigate the horrors of war. The results however are not likely to be encouraging.

It begins to look as though the future struggles in armed conflict will be unlike the wars of the past. Recent alliances rather indicate that our future wars are likely to drag into combat the great powers of the world. It would be strange indeed to witness half a dozen nations engaged at one time in hostile conflict, and yet modern diplomacy watches for just such a spectacle. The Hague Congress is evidently adopting the tactics of an ordinary national congress, by whose rules all important matters are referred to committees, and pigeon-holed at the command of a few. Carnegie, who contributed millions for the erection of a peace palace, may feel that he is dealing with an unappreciative and ungrateful world. All the American dele-

gates to that conference will be earnestly and honestly pronounced in favor of important peace measures, but from present indications our delegates will likely return with a deep-seated feeling that if certain European nations are anxious for war, they ought to have it, and have it to their heart's content.

Along with news from The Hague comes a rumor, or better, the announcement, *sub rosa*, that Germany is seriously making advance for some sort of an alliance with the United States, if not an alliance *en entente cordiale*. Of late Germany has been not a little upset over the activity of Great Britain in the formation of alliances with her neighbors, and the fact that England has been getting up alliances with Japan, France and Spain, has so irritated both Russia and Germany that those nations are in no fit mood to talk of peace.

CHOOSING UP SIDES.

PRESENT movements in the diplomatic life of Europe, remind one of his school boy days, when the children chose up sides for a contest. Until within a few years Great Britain has boasted of her "splendid isolation." She stood aloof always ready to benefit herself in the wars of her neighbors. Her imperial navy was thought to be good against all the world. The recent increased activities in the rivalry of other nations have changed Great Britain's attitude in that matter. The English people have seen new light, and a splendid isolation policy has given place to some splendid alliances; first Japan, with perhaps the best fighting machine in the world, was duly recognized and bound up with English interests; then came France, whose navy is reputed to be second in efficiency only to that of Great Britain; finally Spain was included, not because Spain could do much fighting, but because of Spain's position and helpfulness by reason of its place in Europe, to both England and France.

Of late years Russia has not been wholly satisfied with the conduct of her ally, the French Republic. In the first place, Russia did not take very kindly to the Anglo-French alliance. Again, the French have not been as liberal in recent years in the matter of loans to Russia as they have been in the past. And recently France has been making some demands upon Russia in the matter of granting representative government to the Russian people. Only recently a Russian semi-official paper denounced in a vindictive manner, the French attitude, and openly

criticized the French ambassador at St. Petersburg. After this newspaper pronouncement against France, came the news that a conference between the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, would soon take place in Finland. Does that all mean a break-up in the Franco-Russian alliance? As long as France was the chief and almost only source of Russian loans, France was the best ally that Russia could have, and Russia was necessary to France in checking the aggressiveness of Germany. Now that Russian loans in France are hard to get, Russia does not need so much her old ally, and has begun to make advances to Germany, for Germany has always been Barkis-like, quite willing. As a matter of fact, Bismarck sought, by various means, to create a favorable understanding between the Russian and German governments, and it now looks as though the old alliance would be broken up and new ones drawn. From present indications, when sides shall have been formally chosen, we shall have Russia, Germany, Austria and Italy at one end of the tug, and England, France, Spain and Japan at the other. Will the United States be the umpire, to decide the future contests? No wonder her friendship, and if possible, her alliance is sought! Her sword in the balance would turn the scale either way. Peace at the Hague? Hardly, while the great powers are choosing up sides.

MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

It has been pretty generally said during the last few months that the United States is passing over into a period of industrial depression. This, however, does not appear to be true. Certainly the reports from the crops, the railroads, the iron industry, and business in general, do not support the idea. The wheat crop seems to be about one hundred million bushels, or 14 per cent., short of what it was last year. But last year's crop was what is called a "bumper" crop. The corn yield promises about 2,500,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,700,000,000 of the year before. But this year's crop, though 200,000,000 bushels short, is the fourth largest crop in the history of the country. It is said that there is a fair yield of oats and a splendid crop of hay. The retail trade is excellent. The bank clearings, in general, are said to be smaller, owing to contracted dealings on the stock market; but the prosperity of the "plain" people is much increased. One savings bank in New York reported in July that it had passed the \$100,000,-

000 mark. This is a new record for savings banks. The railroad companies are reporting gross earnings amounting to twelve per cent. greater than for the year 1906. The great equipment companies report that they could keep their plants running for a whole year with only the orders on hand. And the United States treasury began its new fiscal year with a surplus for the year just ended of \$87,000,000.

THE "HARRIMAN REPORT."

SOME time ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission began an investigation of the Harriman railroad system. A clear and logical report of the work of the commission, written by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, of California, has been presented. The report is neither a personal nor a vindictive document. It reports merely that the consolidating methods of Mr. Harriman have killed railroad competition in a territory equal to one third of the whole country, and that the methods used by Mr. Harriman were those of a criminal kind of financing. The report recommends that railroad companies be prohibited from investing in the stocks, bonds, and securities of other transportation companies, but does not advise prosecution. Of course, it was not the function of the commission so to do. It will rest, naturally, with the Department of Justice to bring such action as it may think warranted by the findings of the commission. It may be taken for granted, however, that the Government will bring an action to break the

control of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific. Beyond this, the report merely provides some well-considered propositions on which Congress may act for the better regulation of the functions of interstate railroads, and for the safeguarding of the issue of new railroad securities. The report is also an excellent history of the successive steps by which Mr. Harriman built up his mammoth system.

MARK TWAIN.

PERHAPS no American writer has received such marked distinction from the English people as Mark Twain, who has recently had conferred upon him an LL. D. from one of the leading English universities. For a month Mr. Clements was the center of social attraction, and he has been wined and dined by the English people in a manner unprecedented. What gave Mark Twain peculiar and most perfect satisfaction, was the admiration bestowed upon him by the masses of the people, who gave him a royal reception wherever he went. Mark Twain is not only a king of the humorous, but he is a man of intellectual grasp. His style, when serious, occupies a commanding place in literature, and his characterization of the various phases of human nature has never been surpassed. Certainly all American people feel gratified over the distinction which England has accorded to one of America's favorite literary sons.

HOME.

THE universe is vague, is incomplete;
A waiting void, a loneliness half stirred
To life and fellowship; its pulses beat
Blind rhythms long deferred.

But here beloved, hid in this sheltered star,
We can shut out the inane titanic Whole;
Cheek pressed to cheek, what matters it how
far
Lost waves through ether roll?

Hand clasped in hand, what matters it that
Time

Dooms us with rapt inexorable face,
That when our lips have crumbled, this poor
rhyme
The impassioned lips may grace.

Of later, lordlier lovers? Hush! Tonight
Our hearts lie close; we have woven a nest to
keep
The blink eyes of the barren vault from sight,
And the moon's frozen sleep.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS

MORMON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

ON July fourteenth, Mr. E. C. Knapp, a well-known Sunday School worker in the United States, visited the Mormon Sunday School in the Seventeenth ward of Salt Lake City. Mr. Knapp was highly pleased with the work of the Mormons. We are glad to hear the unprejudiced opinion of a man so well qualified as he. And Mr. Knapp is, indeed, qualified to judge of the merits of Sunday Schools. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, a Sunday School superintendent, a public lecturer on Sunday School topics, and now



E. C. KNAPP.

instructor in Bible School administration in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. Here is what the *Ohio Sunday School Worker* says of Mr. Knapp:—

"Perhaps no young man in America has had larger opportunities for specializing in Sunday School work than has Mr. Knapp. He may very properly be called an all-round Sunday School man. For several years he was busy in the Michigan work. He will be remembered in Ohio as a mem-

ber of the Ohio State Tour Party in the spring of 1903. His name has appeared as a speaker on four Ohio State Convention programs. As superintendent of the Fourth Church Sunday School, Hartford, Conn., and later as Director of Bible Study in the Broadway Tabernacle Sunday School, New York City; as contributor to the columns of the "Church Economist," he has won for himself a name in the Sunday School world. Mr. Knapp has just accepted a chair in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, Hartford, Conn., and will devote a number of years to the training of young people for Sunday School work."

And here is what Mr. Knapp says about Mormon Sunday Schools:—

The Mormon church is increasing at an amazing rate. During the fifteen years from 1890 to 1905, while the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations increased between 30 and 40 per cent, the Mormon church increased 107 per cent; practically three times as much as these non-Mormon churches. How do you account for it?

One reason is because the Mormon Sunday Schools are the best in the country. I have visited the largest and best Sunday Schools in the United States, such as the Wanamaker Presbyterian School in Philadelphia, the Bushwich Avenue Methodist in Brooklyn, the Calvary Baptist in Washington, the St. George's Episcopal in New York, the Marion Lawrence Congregational in Toledo, the Hyde Park Baptist, and the Moody Sunday Schools in Chicago; the Paulist Father's Catholic, the Temple Emmanuel Hebrew schools in New York, but it was my pleasure on July 14th to visit the Mormon Sunday Schools in Salt Lake

City, and I can truthfully say that they are the best I have ever visited. The Temple Emmanuel Hebrew in New York comes the nearest to them because it meets for the same period, namely ten to twelve on Sunday and has separate class rooms and graded subject matter. However, this Hebrew school has paid teachers, while the Mormon does not. Moreover, the Mormon is superior to the Hebrew in that adults are present in the Mormon schools in large numbers.

The Mormons have their Tabernacle service Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, but the morning is given exclusively to the Sunday School. Salt Lake City is divided into thirty-three wards. Each ward has a Sunday School building well equipped, and a Sunday School session for two solid hours, from ten to twelve. The Sunday Schools are uniform in character, each one has practically the same classes, courses, opening services, etc. The schools begin promptly on the minute. The Sunday School is a school, not a plaything as in some non-Mormon churches.

I visited the Sunday School in the seventeenth ward. I shall frankly tell how I was impressed. I am not a Mormon and do not believe in some of their doctrines, but I admire them for their zeal, business ability, and common sense in Sunday School work and I want to give them due credit. I arrived a little early and was given a cordial greeting by three different parties; was invited to the platform and given a seat at the right of the superintendent where I could easily see the school. For five minutes the organist played a prelude, not a "rag-time" selection, but a suitable one. Promptly at ten o'clock the superintendent stood in his place and the school became perfectly quiet. The doors were closed and late comers were admitted only at five or ten minute intervals. The attention and order were excellent. The singing was hearty and the responsiveness good.

There was a worshipful atmosphere unlike that in the average non-Mormon school. At the close of the thirty minute opening service about ten minutes were taken for practicing one or two new songs. The school then separated into their classes, the majority of them going into separate class rooms in the basement, which by the way, was by no means damp or dark. For one hour the classes met for good thorough instruction. There were more men teachers than women teachers. There were fully as many boys, young men, and men, as girls, young ladies, and women. Each room was well supplied with blackboard, maps, and charts. Each teacher used the catechetical methods. The boys and girls were well prepared with their lessons, even though it was the middle of July. I visited nearly all the classes. Was especially pleased with the Kindergarten department, equipment, program, etc.; was also delighted with the parents' class. It was refreshing to visit a Sunday School and see the substantial church element, the cultured men and women present in large numbers.

I hold in my hand a booklet entitled "Sunday School Outlines of the Parents' Department." In it I read the following, "The object of the Parent's class is: First, to aid the parents in general culture; and secondly, to bring about a closer relationship between the home and the Sunday School, that parents may give more efficient aid in the general work of the Sunday School." Also, "It is desired that parents will manifest an interest in getting children to be punctual, and to be regular in attendance; to take an active part in the singing, and in memory work; and above all, that the parents will impress their children with the importance of preparing lessons, in brief, parents' classes aim to establish unity between the home and the Sunday School."

The parents discuss such themes as Environment, good and bad; Habit: Home

government, etc. The Sunday I visited this class they were discussing "Children's Duties."

The Mormon's believe that Christian character is as important as the "Almighty Dollar." Their schools are well equipped because they put money into them. They do not hope to carry on their Sunday School work with "penny collections" as some schools do. When the Mormons join the church, they contribute one tenth of their property and they give one tenth of their income each year, besides giving hours and days to their church and Sunday School work free gratis. No wonder the Mormon church is growing so rapidly. It can make many another church blush with shame.

I wish I had time to tell you what I have seen in some of our non-mormon churches and schools. A leading Sunday School worker in a large Congregational school in Connecticut said to me last winter, "Our Sunday School now has the honor of having not one man teacher in it." It was not an honor, it was a dishonor. A Presbyterian church board in the central states recently refused to let its growing Sunday School occupy the church auditorium because they thought the church too good for Sunday School purposes. It is needless to say that those church officials were not identified with or interested in the school.

After visiting this Mormon school from ten to twelve, I visited one of the Methodist schools in Salt Lake. I was told it was one of the largest and best in the city. The contrast was great. Instead of beginning at 12:15, the school began at 12:25 because the church service ran over ten minutes. The Sunday School was only one fourth as large as the church attendance. There were few adults. There were twice as many girls as boys. There were not enough teachers. The singing was poor; not all of them opened their hymn books and some

classes did not sing at all. The poorest feature was the responsive reading. On the first verse only one class responded. Many late comers broke into the opening service. There was whispering and laughing during the opening service and even during prayer. This is not an over drawn picture; I can reproduce it in many a city in this country today.

Facts are stubborn things and yet there is nothing so eloquent as facts. The non-Mormon churches will have better Sunday Schools when they get their eyes open to the great work done by the Mormon schools. If the Mormons believe so thoroughly in Sunday School work and early religious instruction that they readily give money, time, and ability to it, they deserve to come to the front; and if the dormant constituency in the average non-Mormon church does not consider the Sunday School worth while, their churches or schools deserve to go to the wall. Let us hope that during the next decade the non-Mormon churches put at least fifty per cent as much thought, time, and money into their Sunday Schools as the Mormons do."

E. C. Knapp, in New Haven Morning Journal and Courier of August 5, 1907.

TOBACCO AS THE GREAT PRODUCER OF DEGENERATES.

FROM a comparative study of the symptoms of tobacco poisoning and the stigmata of degeneracy, Dr. L. Pierce Clark, the well-known neurologist of the Manhattan State Hospital, is convinced that the degenerate is an outcome of the tobacco habit, either in the individual or in his ancestry. This does not mean, he affirms, that every degenerate is a product of the smoking habit. Nevertheless, tobacco seems to be the great determining cause of the existence of degenerates.

Animal experiments upon tobacco poisoning have been made with great care in

laboratories within recent years, and it is upon the results of his study in this line that Dr. Clark reaches those conclusions.

It is fairly proven that tobacco is primarily a poison to the vascular system of the heart.

Tobacco exerts acute poisonous effects on the whole nerve apparatus. It excites that apparatus to abnormal activity at first. Next it has a convulsive effect. Then ensues depression of all motor nerve centers, and at last comes paralysis of the central and peripheral nerves of the heart and lungs.

More inaccurately studied than perhaps any other effect of tobacco on the nervous system, says Dr. Clark, is its effect in inducing chronic poisonous congestion of the brain, the spinal cord and surrounding nerves.

From this, it would seem, that the growth in numbers of the degenerate and the spread of the practice of smoking are closely related.

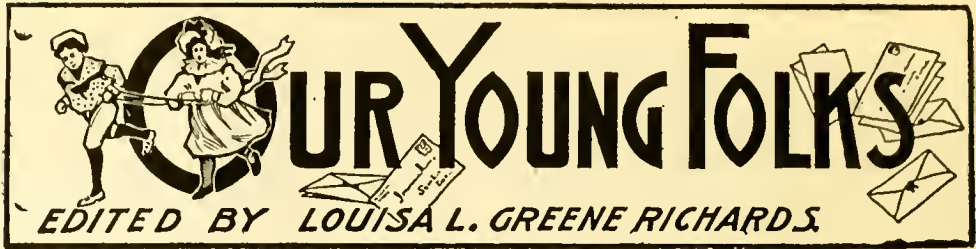
Current Literature.

TWO GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

LET us assume that the lesson is adapted to the pupil, for unless that be the case the teacher will labor in vain. With this assumed, the first thing needed is some point of contact between the lesson and the pupil. To neglect this requirement is the first assurance of failure. The boy or girl—or for that matter, the man or woman,—who fails to see some particular relation between himself or herself and the lesson will never be induced to study. But once let some common ground of interest be established and the teacher's way is open. Here perhaps as much as at any point will be the test of the teacher's fitness for his work. He needs to begin where he can, not where he wishes to.

The great thing is to begin. If this common ground of interest cannot be discovered, it must be made. Any hint or question may be appropriated. A class of restless boys was once transformed by the teacher's seizing upon some symptom of interest in the topography of Jerusalem. For a year those boys worked on the subject, and then were ready to study matters suggested by their own work. If one cannot have a precisely similar success, try some other approach, even if it be boys' interest in war and girls' interest in house-keeping.

In the second place, the pupils should be taught to see the lesson in its historical setting. Every approach to the lesson should be through biography or history. Prophecy is marvelously attractive when one appreciates the situation in which the prophet spoke. Such historical setting must be something more than the mere description of what this king did and the other king did not do. The teacher must saturate his mind with the events, the life, with the conditions of the people, as well as with the mere dates. And this he must, by any possible means, get the pupil to do also; for if Christianity means anything, it means that religious truth is to be understood through the revelation of God in actual human life. If the teacher makes a lesson from Isaiah or Paul abstract, it is *prima facie* evidence that his method is wrong. Human interest, when once felt, will kindle studious interest. As has already been urged, in making real this historical situation help can be gained from modern history, and especially from the history which the pupil is studying in the public school. In tracing this parallelism will also be found the key of the best possible "application," viz., a study of the applicability of the exact scriptural teaching to the conditions of today.—*From "Principles and Ideals for the Sunday School."*



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SILVER AND GOLD.

All the silver and gold,
Which these proud mountains hold,
Will be brought forth in God's chosen time;
Then o'er streets golden paved,
Freedom's flag may be waved,
And to wealth, men unfettered, may climb.
But the "silvery hair,"
On the brow marked with care,
And the clear gems of thought they unfold;
And the "golden haired" child,
With its face sweet and mild,
Are our Sunday School's Silver and Gold.

CHORUS.

Silver and Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Wisdom and Innocence!
Riches untold!
Pure heart—noble mind,
Youth and age thus combined,
Are our Sunday Schools' treasures,
Our Silver and Gold.

Low our Silver appears,
With its burden of years,
Of experience, grand to refine;
And our Gold, though in youth,
Bears the bright stamp of truth;
They wisdom and virtue combine;
Hark! their ring is for peace,
And the sound will not cease,
Till the terror of war is unknown;
For the Savior they shine,
And He'll say "These are mine,"
When of jewels He makes up His own.

L. L. Greene Richards.

HOPEFUL SAYINGS.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.—Samuel Smiles.

It is by resisting our passions that we are to find true peace of heart, and not by becoming slaves to them. — Thomas Kempis.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

A man is never mediocre when he has much good sense and much good feeling.—Joubert.

It is only by thinking about great and good things that we come to love them, and it is only by loving them, that we come to long for them, and it is only by longing for them that we are impelled to seek after them, and it is only by seeking after them that they become ours and we enter into vital experience of their beauty and blessedness.—Henry Van Dyke.

To win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. Each insists on his right in the other to an ideal. All around the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character.—W. C. Gennett.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.—Swift.

A sorrow in your soul that has changed into sweetness, into indulgence of patient smiles, is a sorrow that shall

never return without a spiritual ornament; and a fault or defect you have looked in the face can harm you no more, or even be harmful to others.—Materlinck.

There is an idea abroad among most people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good, myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every man has two educations—that which is given to him, and that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself.—Lynman.

There is no other way by which human society can be more sweetly constructed than that feeling of loyalty whereby those who are worthy are revered by those who are capable of revenge.—T. Carlyle.

If you have tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

—Lord Francis Bacon.

Blessed is the season that engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love.—Mable Hamilton.



SOME OF GRANDMAMA'S THOUGHTS.

THERE is an old saying, and a true one, that the rich man's children die while the poor man's children live, although very often it seems as though the poor cannot get enough for their children to eat.

I once read a sermon of President Brig

ham Young's, in which he said he wished mothers knew when they had fed their children enough. For they often feed their little ones until their stomachs are overloaded and they become sick. Perhaps that is one cause for the children of the rich being more subject to sickness and death than are the children of the poor.

Then, you will sometimes hear one mother say such things as "O, there goes Sister So-and-so with her baby's face all uncovered! If that was my child it would kill it."

Sometimes a mother will put wraps enough around the baby to keep it warm, then add a heavy woolen shawl, with about six inches above its head which is already covered with a large silk handkerchief, and put it into a baby buggy. The baby will struggle and scream for fresh air. The mother will hurry to get to Grandma's, for they say the baby is mad about having its face covered. The mother's milk becomes heated, and unfit food, for a young child, with the hurry and worry, yet the baby is put to nurse it the moment they get to Grandma's, to stop its crying, and if the poor little innocent is not made sick with the smothering, the milk will make it so.

I heard a woman tell that she had nearly smothered her babe to death by wrapping its face up too closely, and that her mother had all she could do to get life back into the little body. Yet the same woman still covers the face of her babe when she takes it out, to keep it from catching cold.

Another woman took her babe fifteen miles, wrapped up as mentioned above, then stayed at Grandma's for three weeks and the child died. Grandmama said, "I don't see how that baby could have taken cold, for it was not out of those two rooms, (meaning the bed-room and kitchen) after it came down, and we kept up a fire night and day."

I think the babe needed fresh air more

than medicine, as it was a fat, healthy child to begin with. If its head had been covered with a warm, comfortable hood, and its face left uncovered, without doubt, the ride would have done it good.

What astonishes me is that so great a number of otherwise intelligent mothers, and even grandmothers, seem so dull in relation to these things. Why not get out of the old ruts, and learn something from the light which has been ushered into the world, in regard to the proper feeding and clothing of the little ones, as well as on so many other subjects? Is there any matter of more importance? Why not seek wisdom from all good books, and by faith as well, and come down, or rise up to living the natural, simple life with our children?

H. M. H.

LOVE.

IN the heart where love doth dwell,
Palace, cot, or prison cell,
Every care with joy doth blend,
Toil is welcome as a friend.

Sorrow's face a smile doth wear,
Death the name of peace doth bear;
Grief may come, but all is well,
In the heart where Love doth dwell.

Selected.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A fine Sunday School class—An exceedingly sad loss.

GRASSY LAKE, ALTA, CANADA.

I have read many of your letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and thought I would like to write too. My brother Will is one of the Sunday School teachers of my class. There are three teachers, their names are William Eldredge, Charlie Edwards, and Ada Wilcox. They are very good to us. They make up little parties for the class and we have very nice times. We have a special meeting for our class the last Thursday in the month. There

was a little girl lost at Grassy Lake named Ethel English, about a month ago. There are lots of men hunting for her; now and then they have found her tracks. Her father and some of the neighbors had gone fishing on Sunday morning, and she tried to follow them but strayed off the track and got lost.

ESSIE ELDREDGE, aged 13 years.

My Dog.

WOODS CROSS, UTAH

I read the little letters in the JUVENILE and enjoy them very much. We have a black, curly dog and his name is Curly. We have a little wagon and harness and I have trained him to draw me. I go to the store and on errands for mama. Last winter I had a little sleigh and the dog drew me on it. Sometimes I put on my skates and take hold of his tail and yell ye! ye! ye! and he takes me up to grandma's in a hurry. He is a good watch dog, and will not let tramps or Indians in at the gate.

CARLOS FACKRELL, age 12 year.

[Are you not afraid, Carlos, that in taking hold of Curly's tail, and letting him draw you by that means, you may hurt, and perhaps injure him? It is an unnatural way, and seems cruel. Please do not misuse your kind and noble dog that way any more.—ED.]

Charade.

MARYSVILLE, IDAHO.

I love to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and work out the charades and riddles. I will send a charade composed of 25 letters.

10, 6, 23, 1.—what all children do.

2, 3, 11—what we all do.

19, 24, 23, 1—a very useful article at night.

16, 3, 25, 4, 5—something most people like to do.

23, 3, 18, 7, 8—a state on the east coast.

4, 9, 21—a small animal around the house.

17, 24, 11, 8, 10—something we can't live without.

12, 9, 7, 16—a part of the body.

23, 14, 15, 7—shines at night.

13, 22, 3, 21—a very pretty animal.

20, 2, 13—a part of the body.

The whole is what was said to the shepherds while herding their flocks at night.

MYRTLE SWAINSTON, age 15.



Learns the Poems in the "Instructor."

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Papa has been taking the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for me; and I have been very interested reading the lessons it teaches me. And I like to read the nice letters there are in it. I have five brothers and one sister; I am the oldest. I am eleven years old. I have learned many of the poems in the INSTRUCTOR. I attend Sunday School and Primary regular, and go to day-school. I am in the 4th grade at day-school. In Sunday School I am in the 2d grade. I will write again when I can.

GORDON L. DRIGGS.



A New Baby.

MORELAND, IDAHO.

This is the first letter I have written to the Letter-Box. Our mama died last month and our grandpa died this month. I have a little baby sister two months old. Our aunt takes care of her. Our grandma is staying with us. I have four sisters and one brother alive. I am in the sixth grade at school. I am ten years old.

ESTHER JONES.



Letter and Charade.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is very interesting to me, and I should liked to aid,

if I can, in making it so for others. I will send a charade, not of my own composition, but one I came across in an old magazine. I found much pleasure in working out the answers to it, and believe many others will do the same. I am sixteen years old, but I still enjoy the little folks letters and stories.

GEORGE H. LLYNNGARD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

From the Bible.

A *city* where a prophet went to flee.

A *bird* which in the night can clearly see.

A *mother* who her son's wife's love possessed.

A *mountain* where the ark could safely rest.

The lame man, who was healed, leaped up like *this*.

A *king* to whom God's prophet gave a kiss.

Near by *this sea*, five thousand fed in ranks.

This, Jordan doth each year to all his banks.

To heavy burdens, when yon fast, *this* do.

The fourth commandment brings *this word* to view.

This, Joseph had, and told his brothers, too.

Initials bring a Bible plant to mind;

Its quick destroyer in the *finals* find.



THE MAN WHO SINGS AT HIS WORK.

GIVE us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit of sunshine,—graceful from gladness,—beautiful because bright. *Carlyle.*



The inner half of every cloud

Is bright and shining,

So therefore turn thy clouds about,

And always wear them inside out,

To show the lining.

LAUGH. AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

His Business.

A BOSTON lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's *my* business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"—*Everybody's*.

Some Are.

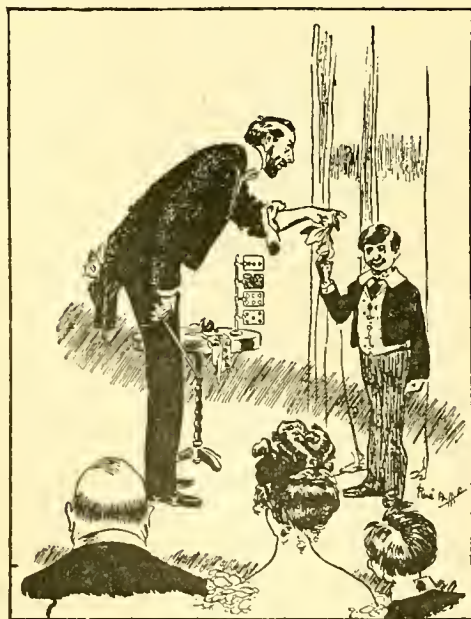
FROST—"Don't you yearn for an air-ship?"

SNOW—"No. They are no earthly use."

The Exception to the Rule.

TEACHER—"The trunk is the middle part of the body."

FREDDIE—"Say, ma'am, you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant."



"You saw me put your watch in your handkerchief?" "Yes."
 "You can feel it in the handkerchief?" "Yes."
 "You can hear it ticking?" "Yes, hut—"
 "Yes, but what?"
 "My watch hasn't been going since I took the works out at school."—*Punch*.

Suitable Diet.

A JURY in Blankville were sent out to decide a case, and after deliberating for a time, came back, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked the jury, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said, "May it please your Honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."—*Lippincott's*.

The Nature of the Creature.

"YOUR cook—"

"Oh, she is so careless that, I don't believe, she could drop a remark without breaking her word."

Smart Set.

Could't Gratify Her.

YOUNG LADY (Indignantly—"Now, look here, I want your name.")

"CABMAN—You can't 'ave my name, miss, 'cos I've promised it to anoth' lady, but you can 'ave my number if you like."

Provocation Enough.

A DEAF old gentleman dined with a family where grace was always said. When the guests were seated, the host bowed his head and began to repeat the accustomed verse in a subdued, reverent tone.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded the deaf old gentleman who sat beside him.

The host smiled patiently, and began again, in a louder, more deprecatory voice.

"Speak a little louder; I don't catch what you say," the old gentleman persisted.

A low ripple of laughter went round the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice and repeated the verse. The deaf old gentleman did his best to hear, but failed. He placed his hand upon his host's arm, "What did you say?" he demanded irascibly.

The host cast him an angry glance,

"Hang it, I'm saying grace," he snapped.



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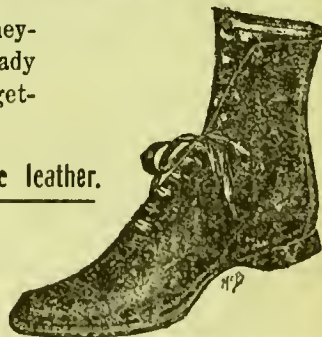
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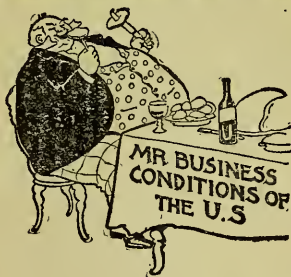
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